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THE KING'S WELCOME TO THINGVALLA.

From the Icelandic of Mathias Jochumsson.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD TAYLOR.

I.

With strong foot tread the holy ground,
Our snow-foot king, the lordly-hearted,
From the royal hall he came, and
To greet these hills that guard the round
Our Freedom's scroll thy hand has lent us,
The first of kings whom God has sent us,
Hail welcome to our country's heart!

II.

Land's father, here the Law-Mount view!
Behold God's work in all thy vestures!
Where saw I thou Freedom's father features,
With fire-leaved ramparts, waters blue?
Here strong the sagas of our splendor;
Here every Iceland heart is tender;
God built this altar for his folk!

III.

Here, as in thousand years of old,
Sound the same words, a voice unending;
As when their life and law defended
The spearman with his shield of gold.
The same land yet the same speech given,
The ancient soul of Freedom liveth,
And still, king, we welcome thee!

IV.

But now we part a thousand years,
At in the people's memory hoarded,
Here saw I thou Freedom's father features,
With fire-leaved ramparts, waters blue?
Now let the hope of better ages
Be what thy presence, our dependence,
Now let the prosperous time be sure!

V.

Our land to thee her thanks shall yield,
A thousand years thy name be chanted,
Here, where the hill of Law is planted,
Twice thy foot and law have been,
We pray for thee, our dependence,
To bless these, and thy far descendants,
And those they rule, a thousand years!

A CONFEDERATE AMAZON.

Exploits on the Tented Field of Mrs. Bonner, Alias Lieut. Harry Buford.

Saturday Mrs. E. H. Bonner, better known throughout the south as Lieut. Harry T. Buford, arrived in this city from New Orleans, en route to New York.

This distinguished lady has perhaps gone through more hardships and done more for the Confederate States during the "late unpleasantness" than any woman within the borders of the section so designated. Like all our southern women, Mrs. Bonner was filled with that unprejudiced love of country and patriotism, so beautifully exemplified by the women of the south during the war, and, unwilling to see those whom she held most dear march to the front, she made preparations, notwithstanding her sex, to participate actively in the strife. During the month of June, 1861, she left New Orleans, in the full uniform of a recruiting officer, and went direct to Arkansas, where she soon succeeded in raising a company of veterans. As first lieutenant, under Captain Weatherford, she left Arkansas with the company and went to Key West. Here she was reluctantly compelled to leave the command which she had organized, and to which she became so much attached, on the ground of incompetency, as alleged by the commander of that post. Determined to allow no impediment to make her swerve from the line of duty marked out by herself, she at once proceeded to Virginia, and joined Drew's battalion of New Orleans the day previous to the first battle of Manassas, and participated in that memorable struggle. A short time after this she joined the 8th Louisiana, and for the first time her sex was questioned, and she was arrested and ordered to assume female attire. Among hundreds of amusing adventures perhaps the best with which she was connected took place during the time of her imprisonment after this arrest. A committee of ladies waited upon her by order of the commander, for the purpose of settling the vexed question, but after seeing the dashing looking young officer they concluded not to perform their mission. She was taken before the mayor, released, allowed to retain her uniform, and at once commissioned to perform any services for the confederacy which she might be called upon to perform. As her sex had been questioned, if not known, she resolved to leave Richmond, and rejoined when Gen. Winfield ordered her to the western army for the purpose of scouting in the vicinity of Okaloosa, Mississippi. The reliability of the daring young recruit was soon recognized and appreciated, and General Quantrell sent her with dispatches to a spy into Missouri. After rendering important service in this capacity she went to Mississippi, and from there back to New Orleans, where she joined the 21st Louisiana regiment, then being organized, and reported to General Villedieu.

Receiving her commission as first lieutenant, she went to Memphis, and from there to Shiloh, where she was badly wounded in the right shoulder on the first day of the battle, April 6, 1862. While recovering from the effects of her wound her sex was again discovered to her mortification, and Gen. Beauregard and others were astonished to find out that the gallant young officer was not of the stronger sex. Unable to dissuade her from participating in active warfare, she was commissioned to go to Atlanta, pass through the lines, and act as a spy. Upon reaching Atlanta she was compelled to wait several days for further orders, and instead of staying in that city, she ran up to Dalton and Chattanooga, and participated actively in both fights, returning to Atlanta a day or two before the necessary orders arrived. From this section of the country she was ordered aboard of blockade runners from different southern ports to the Indies, and often was the bearer of important dispatches to foreign ports for the Florida and Shenandoah. She seized every opportunity, whether in the sea, in the north, or in a foreign land, to render assistance to the southern confederacy. She has a receipt now in her possession for \$780, which she collected from the United States soldiers of Commodore Bissell's fleet, then in Bridgeport, Barbadoes, and sent to southern hospitals, although the money was supposed to have been

given for the benefit of federal soldiers. She was now sent to San Diego and Havana for the purpose of buying coffee and sugar for the confederacy, and from there, after making the necessary purchases, she went to South America, in the interest of the confederate government, with Price's expedition. From South America she proceeded to the West Indies, charged with some important mission for the country, which she loved so well, and served so faithfully. The deeds of this noble woman are well known throughout the south, and have been recited on many a hearthstone by well-scarred veterans and inmates of federal prisons. The starved and humanity-treated prisoners of Camp Chase have every reason to remember her, who nursed them, fed them, and furnished them with every cent she could spare, day after day.

She is in possession of genuine documents, given her every step she has made, and from all of them, it can be seen that she was trusted, unhesitatingly, and bore an unblemished character from the beginning to the close of the war. Even after her sexhood had been questioned, throughout the entire war, it is said to the credit of the men of the south—that not a syllable was ever repeated in her hearing unfit to repeat in the presence of the most reserved lady. Mrs. Bonner removed to New Mexico, after her adventurous life, and engaged in mining speculation, and has realized a handsome fortune from her investments. She has been well employed otherwise, and has finished a book given a truthful account of her adventures during her connection with the confederacy. She is an intelligent-looking lady, of about thirty-five years of age, and has a particularly refined appearance for one who has experienced the hardships of camp life and performed the duties of a man for more than four years.

She is on her way to New York, and has a number of letters of introduction to prominent gentlemen of many southern and northern cities, and other evidences of an irreproachable reputation. While here she called upon several of our distinguished citizens, whose connection with the war rendered her desirous of forming their acquaintance, and to many of whom she brought letters of introduction. —Mobile Reg.

Maestro Man-Milliner.

A writer in London Society discourses of a man-milliner, M. Treis-Molles (undoubtedly French), as follows: "The doors open wide, the maestro appears. His person is disappointing, though undeniably Britanno. He is a pink and white dapper man, with fat and shiny face, his hair parted in the middle, his mustache pendant and highly oleaginous. A thick white throat encircled by a tawny-colored ribbon, a tight fitting frock coat, a chronic smile, a bow that does not incline his body. These are the descriptive items remarked by a cursory observer of the great Trois-Etoiles. His voice is strong and high; his accent is boldly insular. He looks around with an absent air, then suddenly speaks. He has seen at a glance what is missing in Mme. O'Leopore's toilet. The train has been drawn out carefully to its full length before his arrival. 'What are you thinking of, Esther? Madame's figure must have nothing but draperies. Too low in the neck. An *epaulette en biais*. A *sucon* to the right at the hip. Take half that bouquet at the breast away. And do you go to Trouville this year, madame? His manner is easy, assured, and well bred. He has genius of a certain kind, undeniable tact, and imperishable sang-froid. And I think he believes in his mission. He will not dress every one. He would not bestow a glance on those clumsy Germans in the first room. I hear he refuses to make for a certain popular actress because she does not share his ideas of the capabilities of her figure and wants her dresses too low. He converses in English with old, docile, trusted customers like Mme. O'Mores, and for her he consents to give a little professional exhibition."

Historic Scandals.

A remarkable feature of many historic scandals is the unsatisfactory and dubious result of them. Does the world yet know whether Mary, Queen of Scots, was a good woman or villain? And has not Mr. Froide's last volume once more cast serious suspicion on England's "Virgin Queen"? Will any body ever know whether Napoleon III. was really a Bonaparte? Victor Hugo hurled at him the memorable apothegm, "He is neither the son of his father nor the father of his son," but some allowance must be made for the writer's fierce democratic wrath. It is some thousands of years since the association of Pericles and Aspasia, and we believe that notwithstanding the introduction of the critical method in history, scholars have not yet decided whether their relations were platonic or otherwise. The belief that Gen. Jackson loved not wisely but too well the wife of Gen. Eaton, his secretary of war, was once very prevalent, but it could show no very satisfactory grounds for its existence. The trial of Queen Caroline by the house of lords, was as fierce an inquisition as was ever made into the character of a human being, yet it is not known to this day whether that pure and upright man, her husband, had reason to find fault with her or not. The horrible Byron scandal, so recently revived by Mrs. Stowe, will probably never be settled beyond dispute.

—Georgia's comet is now visible in the southern hemisphere, and the Chinese are in a terrible stew about it, considering it a harbinger of evil.

BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID.

How the Spanish Bulls Play at their National Game.

Bull-fights begin about the first of April, and continue through the spring and summer months. Monday is the day selected for these national sports—a time which is during the season of bull-fights a kind of holiday, or more correctly, a Saturnalia—called in Madrid the *dia de toros*. Formerly the price of seats, compared with the wages of labor, was excessive, but now the government has graduated the scale of prices to suit all pockets. The best places in the boxes cost about one dollar; a *billete de sombra*, or ticket for the shady side in the amphitheatre, about fifty cents; the commonest places, next to the arena, and exposed to the sun, two reals.

The people of Madrid are to be seen in their element at a bull-fight; and there the combats appear to be conducted with greater ceremony than in any other city, Seville, Valencia, and Ronda no longer excepted. The Plaza of Madrid will hold eighteen thousand persons. This large open amphitheatre is not a remarkable building, but the effect when filled is very fine. It is situated a short distance from the Prado, and the gate of the Puerta de Alcalá. In this geographical centre of the republic—a republic now, a kingdom yesterday—where caprice and absurdities, virtue and vices, reign, the fame of a rising matador is made or marred. The matador, or *espadas*, as the Spaniards term the slayer, is the most important personage of the performance. In the last act of the tauromachian tragedy this great artist must stand face to face with the bull in the presence of inexorable judges, and with firm hand, eye, and nerve, kill the bull according to tauromachian precedent, else undergo the entire vocabulary of abuse which the Spanish tongue so abundantly supplies.

Here is a description of a bull-fight which took place recently at the Plaza de Toros at Madrid. On the centre of the west side is the official box, where the authorities are seated; on the same tier are the boxes of the grandees, filled with fashionable spectators. The commencement of the performance was signalled by the entrance of the toreros in procession, preceded by mounted alguacils, or officers of police, dressed in the ancient Spanish costume of the time of Philip II. After proceeding around the arena and across the Plaza, the combatants bowed to the official party and returned; a flourish of trumpets and drums announced that the spectacle was about to begin. Amidst deafening applause the president from his box threw gracefully down to the chief of the alguacils the enormous key that opened the toril where the bull was kept.

The door flew open, and the bull dashed headlong, with blind rage and violence, into the arena. Amazed at the novelty of his position, the animal halted a moment; then catching sight of the alguacil riding off at a gallop he rushed upon horse and rider with closed eyes and lowered horns. Fortunately the alguacil was mounted upon a fine and spirited animal: quick as lightning the steed turned at the touch, and escaped the deadly rush.

Then the enraged animal attacked in succession the picadors; in a short conflict that ensued three horses were stretched lifeless upon the ground, leaving the dismounted and disarmed riders exposed to imminent danger. The chulos, or foot combatants, however, drew the attention of the animal by dashing before his eyes a glittering scarf. These new assailants had need of all their practiced agility. Occasionally the bull gave chase, and they could only save themselves by leaping the barriers. The evolutions of this consummate band were the most graceful and exciting part of the exhibition, and elicited tumultuous applause. Another steed was urged on to an encounter with the bull, only to share the fate of his companions. Again the bull charged at a fifth horse and rider, and disemboweled the steed with his fatal horn; the picador fell heavily on the ground. The plaudits were deafening.

Finally the signal was given; an accomplished matador in full court dress entered the ring by a secret door, and bowing low to the president, threw down his cap in token of respect; then facing his terrible adversary, who was standing alone in the now cleared arena, he shook a red cloak suspended on a drawn sword. The bull made a violent charge, the mantle fell over his face, the bright Toledo blade entered the neck to the hilt, and he fell instantaneously, amidst the plaudits and shouts of the spectators. A gayly decorated car drawn by mules or nags appeared and bore off the body in triumph, which act closed the day's sport.

As the horses are doomed to an almost certain death, only very lean and diseased ones are employed, which can be purchased for a low price. It follows, then, that the picadors are always badly mounted, and their danger proportionally increased. To urge his steed forward and force him upon the bull, the picador wears strong spurs armed with long rowels. The wretched creatures are driven blindfold, without ought to protect them, to inevitable slaughter, and destined only to exhaust the bull's fury and vigor. This laceration of the horses, which seems to excite no pity among the Spaniards, constitutes the most revolting part of the exhibition.

—The church of the parish church of Horton, in Buckinghamshire, contains a monument to, as well as the remains of, Sara Milton, the poet's mother, who died in 1687. This portion of

the edifice is being restored in stone entirely at the expense of the rector of Horton. The Rev. R. G. Foot. For six years John Milton attended the church, Horton being the residence of his parents. The place has long been celebrated for the nightingale—hence Milton's sonnet to that bird.

Aggregate Population of the Earth. A report from the bureau of statistics, at Washington, just issued, contains an interesting table of the population of the earth. The aggregate population of the earth is given at 1,391,032,000, Asia being the most populous section, and containing 768,000,000, while Europe has 300,500,000; Africa, 208,000,000; America, 84,500,000; and Australia and Polynesia, 1,500,000.

In Europe the leading nations are credited with the following numbers: Russia, 71,000,000; the German empire, 41,000,000; France, 36,000,000; Austria-Hungary, 30,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 32,000,000; Italy, nearly 27,000,000; Spain, 16,500,000; and Turkey, nearly 15,000,000. The other countries do not exceed 5,000,000 each.

In Asia, China, which is by far the most populous nation of the earth, is credited with 325,000,000; Hindoostan, 240,000,000; Japan, 38,000,000; the East India islands, 20,500,000; Burmah, Siam, and farther India, nearly 26,000,000; Turkey, 13,500,000; and Russia, nearly 11,000,000.

The Australian population is given at 1,674,500, and the Polynesian islands at 1,763,500; New Guinea and New Zealand being included in the latter.

In Africa the chief divisions are West Sudan and the Central African region, with 89,000,000; the Central Sudan region, 39,000,000; South Africa, 20,250,000; the Galla country and the region east of the White Nile, 15,000,000; Samauli, 8,000,000; Egypt, 8,500,000; and Morocco, 6,000,000.

In America two-thirds of the population are north of the isthmus, where the United States has nearly 39,000,000; Mexico, over 9,000,000; and the British provinces, 4,000,000. The total population of North America is given at nearly 52,000,000, and of South America at 25,000,000, of which Brazil contains 10,000,000.

The West India islands have over 4,000,000, and the Central American states not quite 3,000,000.

According to these tables, London, with 3,254,260 inhabitants, is the most populous city in the world, while Philadelphia, with 674,022 inhabitants (in 1870), is the nineteenth city in point of population. These eighteen cities, in their order, are the following: London, 3,254,260; Satehan (China), 2,000,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Pekin, 1,300,000; Tschantschan-fu, 1,000,000; Hangshau-fu, 1,000,000; Canton, 1,000,000; New York, 942,202; Tientsin, 900,000; Vienna, 834,248; Berlin, 829,341; Hangkan, 800,000; Calcutta, 794,645; Tokio (Yeddo), 674,449; and Philadelphia, 674,022. Of cities smaller than Philadelphia, the leading ones are—St. Petersburg, 657,963; Bombay, 664,405; Moscow, 611,670; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 547,538; Liverpool, 493,505; and Rio de Janeiro, 420,000.

Agriculture in Indian Territory. From the journal of the fifth annual session of the general council of the Indian tribes of this territory we deduce the following facts:

The Cherokees cultivate 80,000 acres, the Choctaws 85,000, the Seminoles 10,000. These are the four largest tribes in the territory. The productions are such as farmers of the west usually cultivate. They are enlarging their farms, improving their houses, and giving particular attention to orchards. They are advancing in wealth by the increase of stock, both in quality and numbers.

The six small tribes having reservations in the north-west corner of the territory cultivate a total area of 5,300 acres. The Wyandots, who only number 275 souls, cultivate but 600 acres; the Ottawas, 800; the Senecas, 600. They are developing the farming interests of the country rapidly. They use gang-plows, mowers and other agricultural machinery. The Sacs and Foxes have 600 acres; the Osages, 2,000; and the Affiliated Bands, made up of all tribes, nearly, have about 2,000 acres on the extreme border. The report claims that if these tribes are sustained in their rights and privileges, that in a few years their agricultural department will compare favorably with the states bounding on the territory.

The Agricultural Strike. The great agricultural strike in England is at an end, having resulted in a virtual triumph for the farmers. It was the largest strike that ever occurred, both as to the numbers engaged and the pecuniary resources of the union by which it was backed up. It lasted nearly five months, during which time every striker received nine shillings per week, or about two dollars and a quarter. Finally, however, the union found its funds running low, and, as the farmers gave no signs of acceding to the demands of the strikers, and were constantly filling their places with laborers from other quarters, they were at last obliged to yield. Not all, however; for, while many have gone back to work at the old wages, many have preferred to seek other and distant fields of labor. The union still has some means left, and is extending aid to such as wish to migrate to Canada, so that in this way the strike may finally prove beneficial to some of its participants.

—As soon as a young woman gets some steady employment, she stops fainting away at the sight of a mouse.

DIE DEUTSCHLAND. A Tennesseean's Visit to the City of Hamburg.

Out of the channel into the North sea or German ocean, and at three o'clock in the morning we find ourselves far up the Elbe. Leaving our ship, we take a tug which conveyed us to Hamburg, along the green turfed shores of the river, with here and there a beautiful suburban seat with a highly cultivated and interesting country beyond, now and then a wind-mill with its air of great antiquity. After two hours' run, our destination is reached. Amid the greatest confusion and want of system, with luggage secured and thrown into a "drosky" (a species of two-seated carriage, behind a frame of a horse, so attituded that were the philanthropic Bergh to see him, his heart would bleed), we start from the wharf or pier and rattle along the cobble-stoned pavements in the narrow streets, and look wondrously at the quaint, old-fashioned, small, windowed, dingy houses, and vainly endeavor to read the signs which are all "Dutch" to us. "Hotel de L'Europe," sings out the cabman. We get out of our cab and modern Hamburg bursts upon us. What a metamorphosis from the dingy, dirty streets that we have wandered through from our ship landing. The Alster is the pride and joy of Hamburg—and well may the Hamburgers be proud of their enchanting, their charming Alster, which is an immense and beautiful lake in the very heart of the city. I have wandered a little in foreign lands and at home, but never have I seen anything which is exactly like the Alster. A large, beautiful clear, limpid lake, divided into two parts by a light, graceful wavy bridge; it has splendid hotels, magnificent castled private residences all along its shores, ornate gardens sloping down to the water's edge, rare exotics lavishing themselves in the crystal water, the air laden with their sweet perfume, flowery walks along the banks, multitudinous cafes, in which the pleasure-loving population is sipping coffee and drinking beer. Ferry boats in miniature, capable of containing not more than fifty people, dash here and there with the shriek of a whistle, which seems more a toy than anything else. Nothing can be more beautiful than these varicolored boats, painted in white, blue and green, which convey you for a sum of two cents to any part of the lake. Long-necked, graceful swans float about on their placid bosom; white-winged sail-boats flit like swallows across it. At a short distance from the shore beautiful, luxuriously leaved, arch over, inviting promenades, along which the rosy-cheeked German women leisurely walk. Hamburg resembles more in its busy commercial aspect an American than a European city. We must not infer from its Alster and other places of amusement that, like Paris, it is solely a city of pleasure. The city is wholly and essentially cosmopolitan in almost every particular; its people, from the merchant prince to the small tradesman, speaking fluently several foreign languages.

One of the features of the place is the Zoological garden, one of the finest in Europe, containing specimens of almost every known bird and beast.

The surroundings of the city are magnificent. Owing to heavy dew the vegetation and foliage is very luxuriant. All around are elegant country seats, with grounds in that ornate condition of culture, only to be found in European countries.

Public gardens abound, offering to the pleasure-seeker the best of music, the shadiest of retreats, the neatest and freshest of smiling waitresses, who bring great foaming tankards of beer, which is always refreshing in Europe, as the water is simply disgusting and undrinkable.—Cor. Nashville Union and American.

Religious Musical Expression. On the most serious side of music, the religious, the writers of hymns, and those who select sacred verse for collections of hymns, err often from ignorance or a disregard for the cardinal truth as to the nature of music and its capacity of expression. Three-fourths of the hymns in our hymn books are unfit to be sung. Their motives are not within the range of musical capability. All doctrinal religious verse, all that is narrative, in fine, all that is not emotional, giving rhythmic utterance to praise, or to prayer, or to some religious feeling, is absolutely unfit for musical treatment. For example, one very sound and orthodox piece of musical verse I have often heard sung, but never without temptation to laughter. It begins:

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! Now it is as impossible to express, or to illustrate, or to intensify the idea, in those lines by a melody, as it would be to express by a triple figure of two short subjects and one long one, that the square described on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares described on the other two sides. The thing is impossible in the nature of things; it can't be done. The "Gloria in excelsis" is a model of writing for religious musical expression. So are most of the Psalms chanted in the Episcopal service.—Richard Grant White.

—There is a paper in Wisconsin which calls itself the Trempealeau county Weekly Messenger and Journal and Record. It complains that its exchanges do not give full credit when they copy its short jokes.

—England has abolished the duty on race horses, by means of which she has heretofore raised a revenue of \$50,000 yearly.

FACTS AND FANCIES. —Now's your time to buy a government gunboat.

—The London critics say that those Hamerican bactors 'kan't pronounce Hinglish, you know, to save their hize, ang' em.

—All through the German Empire they are taking statistics of the complexion, color of the hair and eyes of the children in the schools.

—The St. Louis custom-house pays nearly \$10,000 a year for gas. The best government the world ever saw is not seen to advantage by gaslight.

—Two firms in Richmond, Va., are under contract to supply \$5,000,000 and \$6,000,000 worth of tobacco respectively. The first contract is for France and the second for Austria.

—A Bridgeport man has made a kite ten feet high by eight feet wide, which he intends to put to the use of drawing him across Dog Island Sound in a boat. It requires one hundred feet of tail.

—It's awful lonesome in Mexico just now, and tears trickle down the father's cheeks as he takes his son on his knee and tells him how the country used to be blessed with a revolution about every two weeks.

—If the left ear of the "coming girl" is larger than its mate, the fact may be ascribed to the extra chance for development afforded it by the style of looping the broad-brimmed hat up on that side, and allowing the sun to shine on the organ.

—The Mikado of Japan is developing into the practical business man. In a recent number of his "organ" he advertises a fine lot of images, one of which is described as "a very fine idol, with six arms. It is fifteen feet high, and was cast at Sheffield."

—An accident has just happened to Rubens' "Assumption of the Virgin" in the gallery of Dusseldorf. This picture, of colossal dimensions, is painted on wood, and two large cracks have made their appearance, and one of them is across the face of the Madonna.

—Among the visitors at Santa Cruz (a California watering-place) is a San Francisco lady, the wife of a prominent stock-broker, who has made herself conspicuous by wearing a hideous-looking mask of chamois leather. It is said she envelops herself in leather to save a singularly beautiful complexion. She is alluded to in town as "the woman in the yellow mask."

—A glowing description of the country traversed by Gen. Grant's expedition to the River Nile is furnished to the New York Tribune by special courier. The correspondent writes that the country is beautiful beyond description, the land well adapted for stock-raising and agriculture, water and timber good and plenty, and gold in paying quantities has been discovered.

—An English writer says that his plan has proved successful in protecting all kinds of fruit from birds. He takes a ball of thread and fastens the end to a twig of gooseberry or currant bush, and then crosses the thread from twig to twig in various directions. Or trees may be treated in the same manner. The birds come to settle on trees or bushes, strike against the slender snares, and fly away in haste.

—A visitor to Omaha writes of the country being alive with the potato-bug, the cricket, and several varieties of grasshoppers. The crickets move together by the million, seeming to be guided in their course by a common instinct. In their migrations they cross streams. Before entering the water they seem to hold a consultation; they follow the course of the current, and on landing recommence their devastations on the first edible vegetation they find.

—A teacher, wishing to improve the occasion, said to the boys at the conclusion of a strawberry festival, "Have you enjoyed these berries to-day?" "Yes, sir," came from all sides with unmistakable heartiness. "Well, children, if you had seen these berries growing in my garden, and had flipped in through the gate without my leave, and picked them from the vines, would they have tasted as good as now?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Why not?" "Because," said a wide-awake boy, "then we shouldn't have had sugar and cream with 'em."

—A fair young lady in Waterbury, Conn., went to a drug-store and told the man to fix up one dose of castor oil, and to mix it with something to take the taste away. The man told her to wait. In a few minutes he asked her if she would like a glass of soda. She accepted the invitation and drank the beverage. Presently she asked the roller of pills why he didn't give her the oil. The man smiled triumphantly and said: "Madame, you have taken it. I mixed a fearful dose with that soda!" She turned pale, sank into a chair, and gasped: "Immortal Jove! I wanted it for my mother-in-law!"

—The Druggist, a London paper, states that a young lady who had long been addicted to the use of opium applied to an eminent physician to make hypodermic injections of morphia. Beginning by injecting a mixture of morphia and water, he gradually increased the proportion of water, without letting the patient know of it, until after a short time he used only the pure water. After each injection she would gently fall into a refreshing sleep. For several months the treatment was continued, the patient's system being gradually renovated by tonics. At length the lady was informed that for months she had not been under the influence of opium at all, and was greatly rejoiced to find herself cured of any desire for the drug.